

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, May 28, 1803.

[No. 34.]

THE NUT-SHELL.

A TALE.

(Continued from page 258)

THE rage of Amelia increased at every word; but when she heard at last the malicious conjecture of her rival, that she herself had instigated Bendorf to commit the insult, to show that she was not without her admirers, it blazed up to a terrible degree; for she felt, what to her sex is even dearer than life itself, her female vanity here wounded in the cruellest manner. It was to no purpose that the obsequious lover, who now for the first time saw his gentle Amelia in a passion, attempted to prove by a variety of arguments, the maxim, which was never yet called in question, that which is past cannot be recalled.—It was in vain he assured her, that what might be said, by such a mad-cap as Julia, was of no consequence. She continued in the same passionate humor, and at last ordered him to go directly to Julia, and to excuse himself in the best manner he was able, and with the most unequivocal frankness, to take the blame of the whole matter upon himself.

To confess the truth, in a world like the present, which is so polite, that we ask pardon, even of those who happen to tread upon our toes, provided only they are people of fortune, it was neither a

strange nor unreasonable request, to do the same to a person who had been affronted, though indeed wholly without intention; but the tone in which it was delivered by Amelia, was such as Bendorf by no means relished; who besides, had never in his whole life-time been fond of receiving absolute commands.—The idea sprung up in his mind, that she who met with so obsequious a bridegroom, might naturally expect from her husband, a continuance of the same laudable custom: he persisted therefore in this limitation, that he would only make his apology to Julia, the first time he should happen to meet her: Amelia persisted likewise on her side; and they at last parted with mutual repugnance, and Bendorf quitted, for the first time, his Amelia's habitation in a melancholy mood. At home, however, in his solitary chamber, his boiling blood began to cool; he found that he had been too obstinate, (or as he choose to call it, resolute;) the favorite consolation of our sex, that it is no degradation to yield to the ladies, became every moment more powerful with him; and he at last determined to obey Amelia, provided she should ask it once more, and in somewhat of a more agreeable style. So passed the short summer-night; his better resolution continued in the morning; and he was just going out, when Amelia's maid came to him with a billet from her mistress, in which she mentioned, that the intelligence of the dangerous illness of one of her aunt's

who had a small property on the borders of B———, obliged her to make a sudden journey into the country; that therefore, if he wished to see her before her departure, he must do it soon; but that access to her would only be granted upon condition of his first making a visit of apology to Julia.

What strange capricious creatures we men are! Bendorf was already determined to obey, but the repetition of the command, and the condition annexed to it, provoked him anew so much, that it was with the greatest reluctance, and with a secret grudge at his once so much beloved Amelia, that he went to wait upon her former rival. Julia seemed at first a good deal surprised, at the sight of a man, to whose visits, she had now for long been so little accustomed: more especially, as the present was made at rather an unusual season (about half an hour only before dinner) but like a true mistress in the art of dissimulation, she recovered herself immediately, received him with the most distinguished politeness, listened with a gracious smile upon her countenance, to his stammering apology for yesterday's unintentional offence; assured him that it was already half forgotten, and wholly forgiven, and after she had whispered something to her maid, entreated him very courteously to be seated. All the powers of wit and beauty, the most alluring vivacity, and the most engaging frankness, were now summon-

ed to the aid of Julia : and Bendorf, who had expected a scornful reception, and now, to his astonishment, found one so very gracious ; Bendorf, in whose heart, at the present moment, love for Amelia was heard to speak, in a lower voice than the day before ; who now saw Julia after so long an absence ; in whose temper, lately bordering on ill-humor, was doubly gratified by this unexpected moment : Bendorf, I say, found Julia's conversation so agreeable, and fell into such a contention of wit with her, that half an hour flew as quickly away as a minute. Meanwhile Julia's father came into the room, for she had long ago lost her mother, who was the sole darling of the old man, and of course unlimited mistress of the family. He had before asked some of his acquaintances to dine with him that day, and now entering his daughter's apartment at her call, and finding Bendorf there, whom he had long known, and always esteemed, invited him in the politest manner to make one of his guests.

At that moment, for the first time since his entrance under this dangerous roof, Bendorf thought again of his Amelia, of her approaching departure, and of the obligation he was under, to visit and appease her, before she set out.—He therefore very politely excused himself from accepting the invitation of old Hilmer, and very frankly acknowledged his reasons. But Julia employed so many intreaties, and made use of so much raillery on the scrupulous punctuality of the tender swain, intimating at one time her suspicions, that Amelia's journey was a mere pretence, and at another assuring him, that after dinner would be early enough for the performance of his duty : in short, she brought so many arguments to bear on him, that Bendorf, after repeated refusals, was guilty of a weakness for which undoubtedly he merits censure : in one word, he yielded, and staid.

More guests soon made their appearance : the company was numerous and well chosen ; the entertainment splendid ; the wines excellent, and Bendorf seated purposely next to Julia. She had already laid down a very artful plan, and by a mixture of true and false wit, contrived to dazzle the eyes of every one, with a splendor unusual even to her ; the young ladies were frequently constrained to bite their lips, in envy of her triumphs ; while the young men

were lost in admiration and praise. But by her they were almost all at present overlooked, with equal indifference : her discourse was chiefly directed to Bendorf ; on every subject she asked his opinion ; and strange as it may seem, it always happened to coincide exactly with her own. It was but natural that such an alliance should procure him a great deal of envy and opposition ; those however, that ventured on the last, were soon vanquished by the acuteness, or humbled and mortified by the ridicule of Julia ; with a refinement, which one could scarcely have expected from any female, but a native of France, she contrived to place every one of her own whimsies in the most favorable light ; her vanity had never been so much flattered, nor the small portion of talents she possessed, so highly extolled before.

One may easily imagine, how all this contributed to gratify the ambition of Bendorf : he became so cheerful and animated, and his compliments so warm and frequent, that significant whispers began to gain ground among the circle, and at last, one of these young women, who probably thought that the perfections of Julia, had for this time been sufficiently applauded, asked the half-intoxicated youth, in a tone between jest and earnest, whether he meant to repeat to his Amelia Mildau, the conversation that had passed at the present entertainment.

Scarcely had this malicious question passed the lips of the envious female, when Julia fastened her eyes upon Bendorf with the deepest attention. She saw him instantly change color, and resume as quickly a rosy hue ; with evident embarrassment he stammered out, " And why not, madam ? " and contrived to discourse with the lady that sat next him on the important subject, that her crimson gown pleased him exceedingly.—Not an article of all this escaped the vigilant attention of Julia ; nor even the perplexity by which he was hindered from addressing her for a long while after : it gratified her more than the most flattering compliment ; the hope that all in that quarter was not yet irrecoverably lost, made her resolve to employ, without loss of time, all her most powerful weapons against him, and her thrice repeated address to him, rendered him again so cheerful and talkative, that during the rest of the conversation, he played by far the principal part.

At last, though very late in the afternoon, dinner was ended, and they rose from table. Bendorf again recollected Amelia, and he now thought of her, with that seriousness, which ought to have been his sentiments long before. He was in vain pressed to be of the party, in a short walk after their coffee : politely but firmly, he declined the invitation : and Julia herself began to perceive, that she had made sufficient progress on the present occasion, and that it would be better to wait for another opportunity, when chance or cunning, might perhaps procure her a more favorable issue to her military stratagems. She therefore only urged him, in the most pressing manner, not to be long of seeing her again ; he promised he would not, and went away.

He was scarcely got into the open air, when he felt the whole weight of the rash action he had committed ; but immediately comforted himself with the hope, that it could not be attended with any bad consequences. During this soliloquy, which passed only in thought, he was arrived at the habitation of Amelia : there was a carriage standing at the door, and the maid was still busy in packing. " It is very lucky that you are come at last," cried she out, as soon as she saw him ; " my young lady has waited on you, I know not how long ; the carriage at least has been here an hour, and we shall be obliged to travel late at night. Step up only, and I am much mistaken if you escape this bout without a sharp reprimand." Bendorf flew up stairs, confounded at hearing this intelligence : he resolved to commit a new fault, rather than submit to do penance for the first : he therefore determined to conceal the true cause of his stay, under something of more importance ; and entered the apartment of Amelia with no small confusion in his look. She, who had been long in her riding dress, and had perceived his coming from the window, moved very slowly to meet him. Her face was constrained to wear the smile of indifference, but a blush half-discovered, gave it the lie. He embraced her with ardor : she suffered his kiss, without returning it ; it was, perhaps, like the salute of two people, that have been married upwards of ten years.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE PYTHAGOREAN WOMEN.

(Concluded from page 260.)

A MALE acquaintance of Theano happened one time to see her arm naked to the elbow, without her perceiving it. What a beautiful arm! exclaimed he—but not for *every one* (*ἀλλ' οὐ παντός*) replied Theano. It does not appear at first sight, how these words could be thought so witty, or remarkable, as to deserve being quoted as a memorable apophthegm, by a moralist, two fathers, and an imperial princess. (Plutarch, Clement Alexandrinus, Theodoretus, and Anna Commena) But, in order to express the whole emphasis of the word *παντός*, I ought properly to have translated: *But it does not belong to the PUBLIC.* This makes it appear that this reply conveyed an indirect, but pretty sharp, rebuke. If I (meant she to say) were a statue which stood in a public place, exposing its arm, every person would have a right to contemplate it, and to proclaim its beauty as loudly as he liked; for, it then would belong to the public. It would be the same with a *courtesan*, or a public dancer. But it was indelicate in you, and contrary to the laws of propriety, to allow yourself such an exclamation, when *accident* gave you an opportunity of seeing the arm of the wife of Pythagoras naked: altho' modesty should, in such a case, permit the eyes to avail themselves of the favor of the moment; yet it ought, at least, to close the mouth.—

We know, indeed, that our modern notions of gallantry admit of a contrary conduct; but Theano's feelings seem to have been more delicate than those of the females of our enlightened age; and she also, perhaps, read in the eyes of her indiscreet admirer, that this rebuke was necessary. A modern *petite maitresse* would, indeed, have conducted herself differently.

The ancients also ascribe to her a book on piety, (*Eurebia*) from which, probably, the following sentence, quoted by Clement Alexandrinus, was taken: "This life would be a scene of pleasure to the vicious, were not the soul immortal; and death, in that case would be a real gain for them."

Didymus informs us, that Theano also made verses; and Theodoretus relates, I know not on what authority,

that after the death of Pythagoras, in conjunction with her sons, Telauges and Mnesarges, presided over the secret society founded by that philosopher.

Among the Pythagorean women, Arignole, Damo, and Myia are mentioned as daughters of Pythagoras and Theano. The two former are little known, but the latter is mentioned several times as having led the *chorus* of maidens while she was single, and that of the *matrons*, after she was married, at all festivals.—She was married to the famous wrestler, Milo, of Krotona, who was not prevented by his uncommon bodily strength and his gymnastic exercises from being a friend and pupil of Pythagoras. There are none of her writings extant, but a letter to a young mother on the choice of a nurse, which contains such rational rules as are equal to any thing that could have been said on this subject by either Socrates or Hippocrates. It is, in my opinion, rather singular, that Myia, who, as a daughter of Pythagoras and Theano, had imbibed the purest moral principles, immediately from the main sources, in this letter (the authenticity of which cannot be doubted) manifests not the least symptom from which we might conclude, that she believed that a mother is bound by the laws of nature to suckle her child herself. For my own part, I must confess, on this occasion, that the reasons which are alledged, to deter mothers of the *higher* classes, and even of the *middle* station, from suckling their children themselves, greatly overbalance the arguments which our popular moralists, down to the most trivial novel writers, have constantly repeated, within some late years, after some foreign declaimers. A nurse possessed of all those personal and moral accomplishments, which the wise Myia deems indispensably requisite for that function, would be as difficult to be found in our times, as a mother who could supply herself the place of such a perfect nurse. Considering this, goats, cows, and asses, (whose moral character cannot create any apprehension) will, in most instances, be the best wet nurses.

Besides this daughter of Pythagoras, there are a great number of ladies belonging to this order, of whom we do not know any thing else but their names, if we except three, of whose writings a few fragments have been preserved,

Their names are, Phintys, Perictone, and Melissa. Some fragments of the writings of the two former ladies have been preserved by one Johannes, of Stobac, the compiler of a very valuable anthology, of upwards of five hundred poetical and prose writers of antiquity.

The first fragment is of a composition of Phintys, in which she treats on that virtue which is regarded as the peculiar attribute of the female sex, and which she terms *female σωφροσύνη*; the sense of which cannot be fully conveyed by any word in our language, as it comprehends all virtues which proceed from a well-regulated mind. A soul that is mistress of all her feelings, desires, and passions, willingly confines itself within the narrow circle of domestic duties, and is susceptible of that satisfaction which results from the consciousness of having fulfilled them to the utmost. She maintains, that this female wisdom, which properly constitutes the moral beauty of women, consists principally in chastity and conjugal fidelity, in cleanliness and simplicity of apparel, in avoiding every thing that can create the least suspicion of coquetry, or of a desire of captivating other men, in the strictest frugality; in domestic economy, in tenderness and regard for her husband, children, and domestics, and, in pure piety, divested of every superstitious or enthusiastic propensity to miraculous and mystic doctrines.

The fragments of the writings of Perictone, are little else than repetitions and elucidations of the same moral notions, principles, and maxims, to which the Pythagorean school principally confined the *philosophy* of women. Perictone strongly declaims against luxury, pride, and voluptuousness, carrying her zeal almost as far as even the most rigorous cynic or anchorite, though, at the same time, she cannot be accused of going too far; but severe as her system of ethics is to the most common weakness of her sex, yet we cannot help perfectly agreeing with her, when she maintains, that that woman only is exempt from all these weaknesses, from vanity, coquetry, sensuality, idleness, and voluptuous propensities, who is perfectly rational, steady, content, and invariably attentive to the performance of *all* her duties; a woman whose internal and external, whose head and heart, in short, whose whole life and being, is *all* har-

mony—that only such a woman is capable of conferring happiness on her husband, children, and domestics; and, if fate has raised her to the eminent station of a princess or a queen, on whole states and nations.

In another fragment, she inculcates another set of duties, upon which the welfare of families and whole countries depends: “The duties of children towards their parents.”

Of Melissa's writings nothing has been preserved but a letter to a young lady, who had requested her opinion concerning the conduct of a prudent woman with regard to dress.—We shall give a translation of this letter for the gratification of the curious.

MELISSA TO KLEARETE.

You seem, voluntarily, and from a happy natural disposition, so much animated with good and laudable sentiments, that your earnest desire to learn my opinion with respect to the dress of women, inspires me with a firm hope that you will be the true friend of virtue through all the stages of life. A prudent and sensible woman ought always to approach her husband in a modest and simple dress, and by no means appear before him covered with splendid, costly and unnecessary ornaments: a simple, neat white gown is the most becoming apparel. Transparent robes, and such as are trimmed with gold, must be totally excluded from her wardrobe. Common women, whose perpetual aim is to ensnare as many men as they can, may have occasion for such lures: but the ornament of a woman who wishes to please only one man, consists not in her dress, but in her morals. An honest woman can never appear to more advantage, than when her sole endeavor being to please her husband, she is unconcerned whether she is admired by every one whom she meets, or not. Let the beautiful vermilion of nature, which is the hue of bashfulness, serve you instead of rouge; and probity, propriety, and modesty, instead of necklaces and jewels. A woman who has the performance of her duties at heart, and manifests her attachment to what is beautiful, not by a splendid dress, but by regularity and order in her domestic economy, may be certain that she cannot please her husband better than by managing and executing every thing according to his

wishes; for, the wishes of the husband ought to be the *unwritten* law according to which a virtuous woman ought to regulate the conduct of her whole life. She must consider her virtue and exemplary conduct as the richest dowry which her husband can receive, and the beauty and riches of her mind more conducive to secure his permanent esteem, than a handsome person or a large fortune.—Beauty may be destroyed by sickness, and wealth by the malice of fate and mankind: but the beauties of the mind remain, till death closes our eyes, because they constitute the best part of our self.

AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE.

THE caliph Haroun was extremely fond of the society of persons of a lively imagination, and who were in the habit of saying good things. His sister Abbacyah, and the vizier Djaafar, excelled in this sort of wit. Desirous of having them both together at his table, without infringing the laws of decency, he proposed a measure, which, in the end, proved fatal to the two persons whom he preferred to all the world.

“You know, Djaafar,” said he, one day, to the vizier, “that I regard you as a brother. I have the tenderest affection also for my sister Abbacyah. That I may enjoy the company of both at the same time, without violating the holy laws of our religion, I have determined to unite you in the sacred bonds of marriage, provided you will agree never to associate with your wife but in my presence.” Djaafar was aware of the danger to which such an alliance would expose him, and therefore avoided it as long as he possibly could. He was obliged at length, however, to yield to the sovereign will of the caliph, and the nuptial ceremony was performed with a pomp suitable to the rank of this illustrious couple. The imperfect pleasure to be derived from such a union was rendered still less by the rigor with which the caliph exacted the conditions of the marriage. It was in his presence alone that the bride or bridegroom could ever meet each other. This perpetual constraint contributed, together with the agreeable person of Djaafar, to inflame the heart of his young wife. Tormented by the most violent, and, at the same time, the most lawful passion,

she used every means in her power to induce him to transgress the orders of his sovereign; but all her endeavors were ineffectual. Far from being foiled by the apparent indifference of the vizier, the enamored Abbacyah made application to his mother, Atabah.—Neither caresses nor presents were spared, to obtain her friendship, and to gain her over to her interests. After some time, she imparted to her the scheme she had in contemplation: the old lady promised to assist her, and took the first opportunity of carrying the design into effect. “My son,” said she, one day to Djaafar, “I have purchased a beautiful slave, as a present for you.”—“I shall accept it most willingly from your hand,” replied the dutiful Djaafar. Atabah instantly informed the princess that her wishes would, ere long, be accomplished. The same evening she was introduced into the apartment of her husband, at a moment when he had just returned from the caliph, elevated with wine. The princess kept herself concealed till the next morning, when she drew back her veil, and discovered to the astonished vizier the features of his beloved wife. Djaafar, with mingled delight and terror, represented to her the dangers that might result from this interview, and after the princess had retired, “Mother,” said he to Atabah, with solemnity, “you have destroyed your son.”

Abbacyah, in process of time, gave birth to a son, who was carried away, and secretly nursed at Mecca; but an unlucky event soon occurred which brought the whole transaction to light.

The principal wife of the caliph came one day to complain to him that Djaafar had caused the gates of the harem to be shut at too early an hour. Haroun replied that he could not blame his officer for taking the most effectual steps to preserve the *glory* of his master.—“His *glory*!” returned the princess, with a malignant smile, “What, if he has fixed an indelible *disgrace* on the imperial family.”—“How!” exclaimed the caliph, “what do you mean—explain.” His wife then related to him the adventure of Abbacyah. The next day, orders were issued that preparations should be made for a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Abbacyah took care to provide herself with another asylum; but this precaution did not prevent her brother from

making such enquiries as fully confirmed his suspicions. He hastily returned from this pilgrimage, with the determination to make an immediate sacrifice of the vizier to his just resentment.

At his return he ordered a magnificent festival, to which, among, his other most intimate favorites, he invited Djaafar, on whom he lavished, as usual, the warmest expressions of friendship and confidence. When they were all retired, he called for an attendant named Yasser, and said to him, "Go, this moment, and bring me the head of Djaafar." Yasser stood confounded, and hesitated to obey the orders of the caliph, who, furious with rage, threatened to put him to death, if he did not instantly execute his commands. Yasser repaired to the vizier, who was diverting himself, for the rest of the night with his friends. He announced to him the sentence which he was commissioned to put in execution. Djaafar employed all his eloquence to convince Yasser that the caliph was, perhaps, not then in his perfect senses. "Go and tell him," he added, "that I have submitted to my sentence: and if to-morrow he should express any regret for my supposed death, you will have saved my life. If he should not, it will still be time enough to accomplish the fatal object of your mission." But, instead of acceding to this proposition, Yasser, who dreaded the anger of Haroun, if he delayed the stroke, at last consented, with great reluctance, that Djaafar should accompany him to the door of the caliph's apartment. "What have you done," said the caliph, the moment that Yasser presented himself. "Commander of the faithful, I have executed your orders."—"Where is the traitor's head?"—"Please your highness, I have left it at the door."—"Lay it at my feet,"—rejoined the furious monarch. Yasser went out, and returned, holding in his hand the bleeding head of the unfortunate vizier. Haroun summoned his courtiers together, that they might behold the remains of him who had been the object of their secret jealousy. But the gratification they felt at this sight, was not without a mixture of pain. Each was apprehensive of a similar punishment, especially when the caliph ordered them to slay, upon the spot, the miserable instrument of his vengeance. "I cannot bear," he exclaimed, in a paroxysm of rage and despair, "the sight of a man who has taken away the life of Djaafar."

THE LADIES VINDICATED.

THE critics of the fair sex tell us, that they are vain, frivolous, ignorant, coquetish, capricious, and what not. Unjust that we are!—it is the fable of the Lion and the Man; but, since the ladies have become authors, they can take their revenge, were they not too generous for such a passion. Though they have learnt to paint, their sketches of man are gentle and kind.

But, if the ladies were what surly misanthropes call them, who is to blame? Is it not we who spoil, who corrupt, who seduce them?

Is it surprising that a pretty woman should be vain, when we daily praise to her face her charms, her taste, and her wit? Can we blame her vanity, when we tell her that nothing can resist her attractions; that there is nothing so barbarous that she cannot soften; nothing so elevated that she cannot subdue; when we tell her that her eyes are brighter than day; that her form is fairer than summer, more refreshing than spring; that her lips are vermilion; that her skin combines the whiteness of the lily with the carnation or the rose?

Do we censure a fine woman as frivolous, when we unceasingly tell her that no other study becomes her but that of varying her pleasures; that she requires no talent but for the arrangement of new parties; no ideas beyond the thought of the afternoon's amusement? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that her hands were not made to touch the needle, nor to soil their whiteness in domestic employments? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that the look of seriousness chases from her cheek the dimple in which the loves and the graces wanton; that reflection clouds her brow with care; and that she who thinks, sacrifices the smile that makes beauty charm, and the gaiety that renders wit attractive?

How can a pretty woman fail to be ignorant, when the first lesson she is taught is, that beauty supersedes and dispenses with every other quality; that all she needs to know is, that she is pretty; that to be intelligent is to be pedantic, and that to be more learned

than one's neighbor, is to incur the reproach of absurdity and affectation?

Shall we blame her for being a coquette, when the indiscriminate flattery of every man teaches her that the homage of one is as good as that of another? It is the same darts, the same flames, the same beaux, the same coxcombs. The man of sense, when he attempts to compliment, recommends the art of the beau, since he condescends to do with awkwardness what a monkey can do with grace. Withal, she is a goddess, and to her all men are equally mortals. How can she prefer when there is no merit, or be constant when there is no superiority?

And are men so unjust as to censure the idols made by their own hands? Let us be just; let us begin the work of reformation: when men cease to flatter, women will cease to deceive; when men are wise, women will be wise to please. The ladies do not force the taste of the men; they only adapt themselves to it. As they may corrupt and be corrupted, so they may improve and be improved.

THE DOG.

[From the French.]

FLORVILLE was going to sup in the Fauxbourg St. Germain; on crossing the bridge ('twas then about nine o'clock) he perceived an elderly man seated on the parapet, his head supported by his hands: on hearing him sob and complain, Florville stopped. He wished to speak to him, but hesitated. The desire of being benevolent is not always sufficient to inspire the means, and it often vanishes in the uncertainty that precedes it—like those luminous exhalations that are without heat, and disappear for ever at the slightest zephyr produced by the agitation of the same air that gave them birth!

Florville, however, approached the old man, and, after a few moments' silence, said to him—

"Excuse me, Sir; but, can I comfort you, or be of service to you?"—

"Ah!" replied the old man, "I am grieved beyond expression: a dying friend left me his dog, and recommended it to my care: I loved it, 'twas so good an animal—'twas my faithful companion

—poor Medor! Well, I have just destroyed it!—I could support it no longer. I have a wife—a child! I need not tell you they are to be preferred. I offered Medor to several people—they all refused him: I then determined to kill him—I have had courage enough to do it; but I shall ever be inconsolable. Oh! Sir, had you seen it when I fastened to its neck the fatal stone!—it looked at me—licked my face and hands, and seemed to say—“I pity thee!—thou art going to deprive thyself of a friend!” Twice I pushed it in, turning my head aside, without resolution enough to throw it over. But I thought of my wife, of my child!—and it fell! I cannot express my feelings when I heard the noise of the water, agitated by its fall! Poor Medor! I shall, then, see thee no more!”

Floriville, finding it out of his power to comfort the old man, attempted at last to divert his mind from that subject: he spoke to him of every thing, except of Medor.—

“I will be your friend,” said he in grasping his hand: “I wish to embrace your child. I will conduct you home.”

The old man appeared too much engaged by sorrow to hear him. At the same moment a dog runs panting towards them—it is Medor himself! and in an instant he is on his master's knee, who like a man awaking from a lethargy, looked at Floriville, then at his dog, and could hardly believe it was not a dream. At last he exclaimed,—“’Tis he himself—’tis Medor! Speak, how did you get out of the water? Floriville now thought it necessary to become Medor's interpreter, and said to the old man,—

“In the excess of your grief, your hands shaking with terror, had prevented you from fastening the cord that supported the stone; in the fall it untied, and Medor escaped. ’Tis the unravelling of an opera, and often there are some less fortunate.”

“Oh! yes,” replied the old man, “I did not see; my eyes were dim from tears, and I was terrified at my own courage. Oh! I would not have that dreadful courage again! I will rather sell my clothes.”

“Sell nothing,” said Floriville: “here is Medor's board until provisions are less scarce.”

“Receive my thanks,” exclaimed the old man; and Floriville left him. When he looked back, and saw the old man still bowing to him, and caressing his dog.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, May 28, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 20 persons during the week ending on the 22nd inst. of whom 15 were adults and 5 children. Of Consumption 6—Fits 1—Small pox 2—Old age 1—Childbed fever 1—Sudden death 1—and 8 of disorders not mentioned.

NEW CITY-HALL.

The corner stone of the New City-Hall, was on Thursday afternoon laid by the corporation. On this occasion, the regiment of Artillery, several companies of Infantry, the corporation and gentlemen of the bar, formed a procession from the Old City-Hall to the Park, where the ceremony of laying the corner stone was performed in presence of a large concourse of spectators. The Mayor delivered a short and appropriate speech; after which a Federal salute was fired.

The length of the new Hall will be 216 feet, and the average depth about 100; to be built of cut stone; the basement rusticated; the first story to be of the Ionic order, with columns and pilastres; and the upper story of the Corinthian order. The ends and rear to be ornamented in an elegant manner.

D. Gaz.

THEATRICAL REGISTER FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, May 20.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD, C. Macklin, and THE WAGS OF WINDSOR, G. Colman. For the Benefit of Mr. Tyler.

MONDAY, May 23.

CHARLOTTE CORDE—and PATIE AND ROGER. For the Benefit of Mr. Hodgkinson.

WEDNESDAY, May 27.

SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT, C. Cibber.—and A HOUSE TO BE SOLD. For the Benefit of Mr. Hogg.

The ladies of the village of Troy have formed an association for the benevolent purpose of assisting indigent women and children. They contemplate not only the relief of their bodily necessities, but extend their beneficence to the cultivation of their minds in the rudiments of education and the principles of virtue and religion.

On Sunday night the 15 inst. as capt. Owens was going to bed at his lodgings in Portsmouth, N. H. some persons, as yet unknown, fired a musket through the window, and shot him in the breast—the ball, which was a remarkably large one, was extracted by Doctor Mauquin, who gives some hopes of capt. Owens's recovery.

Extract of a letter, dated 10 of April.

“I had the pleasure to write you by the South-Carolina, which sailed from hence some days since. By that letter you would perceive we were under great apprehensions of war with England.—The preparations still making justify a continuance of these apprehensions; and as the two Governments preserve the most profound secrecy on the pending negotiations, it is impossible to say what will be the result. Mr. Munroe arrived here yesterday.”

London, April, 19—23.

The town of Flushing, belonging to the Batavian Republic, has been declared in a state of siege, by order of the First Consul. The French envoy, Semonville, has given notice thereof to the Batavian Government: and the measure is stated to have been hastened by the refusal of the English to deliver up the Island of Goree.

The number of French troops stationed in the Batavian republic, and on their march thither, is stated at 14,000 men, the whole of which are to be paid and subsisted at the expence of that unfortunate Republic.

In case of a rupture with England, three French armies are, it is said, to be immediately assembled on the coast, one near Boulogne, another in Norman-

dy, and a third in Belgium. Moreau is to command in a camp, to be formed near Brest; Oudinot at Cherbourg; Massena at Dunkirk; and Macdonald, a fourth army in Holland. So say some of the Dutch Gazettes. In the city the prevailing opinion seems still to be in favor of peace.

The coroner has held an inquest at Weymouth, (Eng.) on the three persons who lost their lives in endeavoring to rescue a seaman, (who had been impressed) from a party of his Majesty's ship *L'Aigle*. The Jury returned a verdict of wilful murder, against capt. Wolfe, the officers and men employed under his orders on that occasion.

The following account of the above affair was published in one of yesterday's papers, under the head of Weymouth:—"A terrible affair happened on Saturday se'nnight:—A press-gang from a frigate, lying in Portland-roads, consisting of the captain and his lieutenant, with the lieutenant of marines, and 27 marines, and about as many sailors, came on shore at Portland Castle, and proceeded to the first village, called Chefelton. They impressed Henry Wiggot and Richard Way, without any interruption whatever. The people of the Island took the alarm, and fled to the village of Eason, which is situated in the centre of the Island, where the people made a stand at the pond. The gang came up, and the capt. took a man by the collar. The man pulled back, on which the capt. fired his pistol; at which signal the lieutenant of marines ordered his men to fire, which being done, three men fell dead, being all shot through the head, viz. Richard Flann, aged 42 years; Alexander Andrews, 47 years; and William Lang, 26 years; all married men, two of them quarry-men, and one a blacksmith.—One man was shot through the thigh, and a young woman in the back; the ball is still in her body, and but little hopes are entertained of her recovery. Poor Lang, the blacksmith, was at his shop-door; and there fell dead."

Love.—Excess of heat withers plants; excess of love withers the heart.

The three things most difficult are, to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure time.



Marriages.

On Monday evening, the Rev. John L. Zabrisco, of Greenbush, to Miss Sarah Barrea, of this city.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Richard P. Berrian, to Miss Eliza Vanderbeck, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, John Kempf, esq. L. L. D. Professor of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy, in Columbia College, to Miss Gaine, daughter of Hugh Gaine, esq. of this city.

On Thursday last week, Mr. Hugh Leyden, to Mrs. Janet Shanks, both of this city.

At Providence, (R. I.) on the 22d inst. Mr. Oliver Kane, merchant, of this city, to Miss Ann Eliza Clark, of that place.

At East-Chester, on the 19th inst. Mr. Peter J. Cortelyou, of Guvanus, (L. I.) to Miss Mary Alstyne, of the former place.

On Tuesday evening, the 17th inst. Mr. John M'Alaire, to Miss Catharine M'Evers, both of this city.

At New-Haven, on Wednesday evening the 11th inst, Mr. Laurence Clinton, of North-Haven, to Mrs. Lucretia De Witt, of that place.



Deaths.

On Tuesday evening last, at his seat at Bloomingdale, Charles Apthorpe, esq. in the 45th year of his age.

On Sunday last, at Greenwich, William Constable, esq. late an eminent merchant.

On Saturday evening last, of the small-pox, Mr. Thomas Smith, gun smith, a worthy young man.

On Thursday evening, the 19th inst. in the 16th year of his age, Joshua Jones, jun.

On the 14th inst. aged 76 years, the Rev. William Smith, a distinguished writer and preacher, and for many years Provost of the College of Philadelphia.

JAMES EVERDELL,

Professor of music, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 90, Chamber-street, and that he continues to give instructions (at home and abroad) on all kinds of string and wind instruments.

WHAITES & CHARTERS,

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,
No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church.
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.
N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

DRAWING SCHOOL.

JARVIS AND WOOD,

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they have taken the spacious apartments late Chilton's Academy, two doors east from the Theatre, Broadway, where they hope by their united exertions, and a strict attention to their profession, to merit the future encouragement of the public.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual in the neatest style of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stoner-street.

THEATRE.

The public are respectfully informed that the amusements for the Summer Season will commence
On Monday evening,
May 30th, 1803.

To give the greatest possible variety and novelty, the Manager has engaged for a few nights, a gentleman who has the highest reputation in Europe, for performances of grace, agility, and skill, on the Tight Rope and Trampoline, in Balancing, Pantomime, artificial Fire, and other THEATRIC EXHIBITIONS.

The evening's entertainments to commence with

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

After which, *SIGNOR MANFREDI*, will perform, his astonishing Feats
ON THE TIGHT ROPE.

After which, the Tragedy of
The Tournament.



FOR THE VISITOR.

ON A KISS.

1

AH! can'st thou, *crush* nymph suppose,
One *Kiss* rewards thy am'rous youth;
Enough rewards his tender woes;
His long, long Constancy; and Truth?

2

Think not thy promis'd kindness paid
By simple *kissing*;—for the *kiss*
Is but an earnest, *beautiful* munit!
Of more substantial, future bliss.

3

Sweet *kisses* only were design'd
Our warmer raptures to improve;
Kisses were meant soft vows to bind,
Were silent pledges meant of love.

C. H.

THE DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HÖLTY.

I DREAM'D I was a linnet gay
By Fauny's care caress'd;
And playful pluck'd the knot away
That grac'd her lovely breast;

And flutter'd, fearless of a check,
Upon her lily hand;
Then hoppy'd again upon her neck,
And peck'd the rosy band:

While sporting with her flaxen hair,
I sung each warbling strain;
And, when fatigu'd with pleasure there,
Flew to her breast again.

No bed so sweet, with roses crown'd,
That blush'd in Eden's vale;
Nor violet's bloom, diffus'd around,
That scents the morning gale.

Nought with her voice could be compar'd,
That warbled o'er her tongue;
'Twas sweet as ever mortals heard,
Or angels ever sung.

THE VISITOR.

Each tender feeling doubly warm'd
With ev'ry kind caress;
Such bliss, that all my senses charm'd,
No tongue can e'er express.

Fresh comforts for my love to bring,
And pleasures more to seek,
I flapp'd, by turns, each lengthen'd wing,
To fan her glowing cheek.

But, ah! how short is Pleasure's day—
How soon each comfort flies!
The blissful vision pass'd away,
Like clouds before the breeze.

MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

Written by Robert Bloomfield.

WITH lovely pearl the western sky
Is glowing far and wide,
And yon light golden clouds that fly
So slowly side by side;
The deepening tints, the arch of light,
E'en I with rapture see;
And sigh, and bless the charming sight
That lures my love from me.

2

O Hill! that shad'st the valley here,
Thou bear'st on thy green brow
The only wealth to Mary dear,
And all she'll ever know.
Full in the crimson light I see
Above thy summit rise
My Edward's form; he looks to me
A statue in the skies.

3

Descend, my love, the hour is come;
Why linger on the hill?
The sun hath left my quiet home,
But thou canst see him still;
Yet, why a lonely wanderer stray?
Alone the joy pursue?
The glories of the closing day
Can charm thy Mary so.

4

O Edward, when we stroll'd along
Beneath the waving corn,
And both confess'd the power of song,
And bless'd the dewy morn;
To thy fond words my heart replied,
(My presence then could move,)
"How sweet, with Mary by my side,
To gaze and talk of love."

5

Thou art not false;—that cannot be!
Yet I my rivals deem
Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree,
The silence, and the stream.
If these, my love, detain thee now,
I'll yet forgive thy stay;
But wish to-morrow's dawn come thou—
We'll brush the dews away.

N. SMITH,



Chemical Perfumer, from London,
at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hair and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

NEW MUSIC.

J. HEWITT, (*Musical Repository*, No. 39, Maiden Lane) has received by the Oneida Chief, and other vessels from London, a large assortment of PIANO FORTES, of various descriptions, with additional Keys.—Also, the following NEW SONGS:

The peerless Maid of Buttermere—Evelina's Lullaby—Poor Mary—The Village Coquette—Once happy in a peaceful House—Ye Powers that rule without control—The sweet little Girl of the Lakes—The Rose, the sweet blooming Rose—Tarry awhile with me my Love—The mutual Sigh—The Sailor's welcome home—Mutual Bliss—the loud and clear-ton'd Nightingale—the Kiss—the Cake Man—a pretty Week's Work—The fair Huntress—the Blackbird—the humble thatch'd Cottage in the Village of Loos—Adown, adown, in the Valley—Little zinning's in Loos—Poor Ellen—the Pilot that moor'd us in peace—At Morning's Dawn the Hunters rise—An envious Sigh shall ne'er escape—the poor little Child of a Tar—With a great variety of Music for different instruments.

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